"Room To Let" and other Horror Stories

Lulu

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Table Of Contents

1. Room To Let
2. Macabre
3. News
4. Roxanne
5. Rebecca
6. Wolf
7. The Delivery
8. The Painting
9. The Brunnette killer
10. The Hitchicker
11. The Prostitute
12. The Whitechapel horror
13. Fright Night
14. Ghost Story
15. The Confession
16. The Wolfman Of calgary
17. The Salesman
18. To the Reader

“Room to Let.”

Noon.

It was a small quiet hick town in Memphis,Tennessee with many heritage houses from the Forties dotting the narrow streets.
As the rackety bus pulled up at the depot stop, Trevor MacGregor, writer, got off, carrying a brown leather duffel bag.
Just the place for me he thought,looking around at the quiet surroundings where the people he saw all seemed to be resting in the shades from the blazing noon day sun.A mangy dog nearby stretched and yawned widely.sratched it’s left ear, then went behind a store.

He noticed that there were’nt many people around, anyway, all he wanted was peace and quiet, so that he can concentrate on his writing, and this looked just the place.He figured.

He took in a deep breath and sighed.”What a relief to get away from the mad hustle, bustle of the city.

Unloading his luggage from the luggage compartment of the bus, he went in search of lodgings,. He saw a man lounging in front of a hardware store and approached him.

“Good day ,sir,Is there a guest house around here?”

“Yes, there sure is, young fella, try the “Knife and Fork,” it’s jes a block ahead. Tell the landlady that Will sent you .”The old guy then spat some tobacco juice in a bucket nearby.

MacGregor thanked the man, and sauntered up the dusty street.

Finally, he found the place.

It was a two storey buiding painted in white with a well kept flower garden in front.

The sign over the entrance read : " **THE KNIFE AND FORK, BED AND BREAKFAST"** in bold faded red letters. A little note beneath read : 'Vacancy"

MacGregor walked up the three steps, crossed a small porch, and pushed the door open. A bell tinkled as he entered.

The lobby was a bit gloomy looking, with stuffed animals almost everywhere. He walked over to the small counter and put down his luggage.

An elderly lady dressed in gray, emerged from a small door behind the small mahagony counter . She was carrying a small pot of flowers in her bony hands. She had bright blue grey eyes and cotton white hair. She set the plant down gently on the counter.

Her watery eyes looked him over quickly,sizing him up.
'Welcome," she said pleasantly, "I am Mrs. Robinson the landlady, what can I do for you?"
"Good afternoon, Ma'am, I am looking for a place to stay for a few days. I saw your sign." He replied nodding towards the door.

The Landlady smiled,*He seems a pleasant young man* she thought

" Well, you are in luck. I do have vacant room to let. She turned an old register around to face him on the counter.

"Please sign here" she said, indicating a line.

MacGregor took out a pen from his pocket, and signed his name, noticing that only two other tenants had registered previously. Both about a year ago, which made him curious.

She looked at the signature.

"It's two pounds a week,Mr.Macgregor,including breakfast"." She said and added "in advance." .

"That will be fine, thank you." he replied, reaching into his back pocket for his wallet.

He paid.

'Please follow me" said the landlady. He took up his luggage and followed her up a short, creaky stairway, down a narrow corridor, to a room marked 3 on it's door.

She handed him a key, smiled, and said, "Have a good day, sir, tea will be served at four o'clock "

He thanked her, he went into the room, which was a big chamber with a bathroom off to the side. The bed,centered in the room, was enormous. The tall gilt headboard was

decorated with a pair of angels facing each other. The gold paint had dimmed, and the angels had cracked wings. There was also a huge dresser with a huge mirror with decorative moulding in a far corner.

*"A bit old fashioned, but impressiv*e." he thought,impressed. He always had a yen for Victorian stuff.

After a cold shower and a change of clothing, he decided to take a nap.

Later, at tea, and sitting across from the landlady, he said" I can't help noticing all the stuffed animals around. Are you a collector?"

"No, Mr MacGregor, I was a taxidermist before I retired." She smiled.

"And what do you do?" She asked.

"I am a writer."he replied proudly.

"Oh, really?" She said looking impressed."What kind of writing do you do?"

"Mostly fiction," He replied quietly," " Horror and Science fiction"

"Oh,that must be fascinating, creating all those scary situations?"

"Well, it does have it's bright spots, but it's truly a lot of hard work."

"Nothing worthwhile ever comes easy."she said looking steadily at him.

"I was just wondering, Mrs.Robinson, I noticed that there were two other tenants , a Frank Owens, the name sounds familiar, wasn't he the famous Archaeologist who disappeared a couple years go?"

"Yes,actually, Mr. Owens is a tenant, he is still with us."

"Really ?"

"Yes, but he's a very private person. He doesn't like to be disturbed, He likes to keep to himself, and I respect my tenant's wishes'.

"I see," he replied, " Just curious. I certainly would like to meet him, "

"Perhaps, I can arrange that for you, Mr. MacGregor."she said with a slight smile."Would you like some more tea?"

'That would be great,Thank you." He replied,
As she poured the tea into his cup,He said," I read some of his works on Ancient Egypt. Quite fascinating stuff, actually."

"What about the other person, Mr Donaldson, who was he?"

"Oh,Mr.Donaldson," she looked at him steadily then laughed "He was an Artist who came out here to do some rural landscape painting . He was a very nice man, a bit eccentric, wearing odd coloured socks and rather bright clothing and all that, but he was a pleasant man."

"Was?"

"Yes, He left here one day and just never returned. After a couple of days, I notified the authorities, a search was made for him, but they never found him. He just up and left. A very mysterious case that one
After sipping the tea, MacGregor said
"I think I will go for a walk."

"Are you alone here, Mrs Nelson ? "

"But for Mr.Owens, pretty much so ,Why?"

"I felt as if I were being watched,"

The landlady laughed.

"Oh, please, Mr MacGregor, it's just your imagination, I have to admit that the place can invoke spooky thoughts, but you don't have to worry, you will get use to it" she responded reassuringly.

He got up and said "Well, Mrs.Robinson, It certainly was interesting talking with you ."

"My pleasure, Mr MacGregor," She replied evenly,

On his walk, he passed some old Victorian houses in dire need of repair, their garbled bay windows cracked and shadowed, porches sagged,as he looked around, he felt a bit sad,

"A town gone to seed," he thought, "*and almost deserted."*

He stood looking at an old church, admiring the Gothic architecture,the stained glass coloured windows,the buttresses,the rose window above the entrance of a small church.

*"Those old architects sure had a lot of imagination",*he thought.

"New in town are you?"said a raspy voice from behind him, which startled him. He hadn't heard the person approached. He was a tall, gaunt man with a bald head and long, big knuckled hands,dressed in a faded black suit.

"Yes"

"Where you staying?"

"At the Knife and Fork, and who are you, may I ask ?"
"Oh, forgive my bad manners,I am Hudson, the town's undertaker" he stretched out a hand.

Macgregor reluctantly shook it. It was ice cold.

'And what brought to our little town ,Mr …..?"

“MacGregor. I am a writer.”

”Yeah? Now ain’t that somethin, we had a writer fellar here once, name of O’Brien, he spent a couple of days then took off on the next bus out”

“Really ? Replied MacGregor,intrigued.” but why? do you know?’

“He claimed that the town was too spooky for him.”.

”Can’t blame him” thought MacGregor.

“Well, I gotta go”, Hudson said abruptly,” Nice meeting you, Mr.MacGregor,have a good stay”

He turned and left as quietly as he came.

Later at dinner, the landlady asked.“How was your tour of the town?”

“Fine.’ MacGregor replied” just fine, I met Mr. Hudson, the town’s undertaker”

Mrs.Robinson’s face turned as white as a sheet .

“Oh really,but that can’t possible be.”

“Why not?”

“Mr.Hudson died three years ago!”

MacGregor felt a chill ran through him.

“Really?” he said astonished.

“Yes, he died shortly after his wife .”

“You are pulling my legs, aren’t you?”

“No.”A chill ran down his spine and he felt goose bumps all over.

One day ran into another, and still no Mr. Owens, and MacGregor began to think that maybe Mrs.robinson was a bit dotty and only imagined that Mr.Owens was still there at the boarding house.

“What about Mr Owens?” he blurted one night over dinner.

“I will take you up to meet him as I promised.”She paused, “Are you still sure you want to meet him,Mr. MacGregor?”

“That would be great.”

They got up and he followed her up the stairs to a door marked 4, with a sign hanging on the doorknob saying in bold letters: “DO NOT DISTURB.”

She keyed it open. An overpowering, nauseating smell assailed his nostrils as she opened the door. A smell of leather and disinfectant and death.

She said, ”Well, Mr.MacGregor, there is Mr.Owens “

MacGregor looked, and recoiled in shock and terror. He couldn't believe his eyes. A cold chill ran through him as he stared in total disbelief.

For there on the wall opposite him, stood five human heads mounted on highly polishedPlaques,their faces a blotchy white and their sightless eyes staring mockingly down at him!

'Mr.Owens is in the middle." cooed Mrs Robinson,and gave a mad,cackling laugh.

MacGregor gasped, then he felt a blow at the back f his head and everything went blank.

***

MacGregor awoke in what looked like a dungeon. The place was dark . and shadows played from a couple of lit candles near a far wall. The pain in his head was overwhelming. His hands and feet were tied and tape was placed over his mouth. Then he saw a pair of bright red eyes staring at him in the dark, he gasped in horror, it was a monster rat !

It was famished. It hadn't eaten in nearly a week, and what it saw now looked like a fantastic meal. It could smell all that yummy meat, plump and juicy and just waiting to be devoured. As it scampered down to dinner, it's fat body waddled back and forth, dragging behind it a thick beige tail. As it drew closer, it began to drool with ravenous

anticipation. Just a few more feet and all the suffering would be over. It would finally be able to gorge.

MacGregor was hyperventilating now, gasping for air in quick shallow breaths. His eyes were darting around the room in a desperate effort to find any means of getting out of this predicament, when suddenly he saw something just out of his field of vision. It was something black, and it was moving in his direction. Jesus, that thing is big. What is it? In his current mental state, it took his brain a few minutes to process what exactly it was he was looking at. When it finally clicked, he began to cry for the first time.

The rat was also breathing heavy now, but not from fright. It had reached Macgregor's feet, and now smelled him. Its shiny wet nose pulsated in and out with every intake of air, the shabby whiskers on its cheeks dripping with muck. It darted from one foot to another, giving his shoes cautionary licks to make sure they were not dangerous. Satisfied that they were harmless, it made its way around to MacGregor's exposed hand. As before it sniffed at the flesh, then began to lick between his fingers. Determined to kill the pain inside its stomach, it began to gnaw.

MacGregor could hear the rat eating his hand,a shooting painran up his arm. His scream was mufled by the tape.then the thought hit him.

"He was going to be eaten alive!'

As MacGregor began to sob uncontrollably, a thick stream of bile dripping from his mouth, the rat continued its feast.

First his lower lip, then his upper lip, moving on to his eyes, until gradually most of MacGregor's face was gone. Large chunks of skin and muscle were gnashed away, exposing the glimmering bone beneath.

Through the entire process MacGregor was awake and aware of what was taking place, only losing consciousness when the rat made itself visible again.

The sight of this disgusting creature chewing on a portion of his body was just too much to handle. He fell into a pit of darkness and despair, never to wake again.

After finishing its gruesome buffet, the rat slowly cleaned itself and sauntered off.

MacGregor was now a gory manifestation.

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The next day the landlady went down into the cellar and saw the bloated rat lying in a corner. She looked at him and smile.

"Had your fill, dearie?" She asked.

The rat squealed delightfully and she smiled again.

The End

2218

Macabre

I hadn't heard from my wife in a forthnight and I became worried, very worried, for it was out of character for her not to write weekly. She was a member of an Anthropological Society in the States , and was on an expedition in the Amazon to study the culture of some tribes in the area.

In her last letter, she said that she was okay, and was enjoying the scenery and the flora and fauna of the forest, They would next be visiting the Jivaros Indians,and that was the last letter I received from her.

I contacted the Anthropological Society to see if there was any news on the expedition and it's progress. They told me nothing was heard from them in the last month,and were planning to send a team in the coming week to investigate.which was too long for me, so I took an early flight to Peru the next day.

I arrived at the Lima's Chavez Airport, a little after two o' clock, and took a taxi to the Sheraton Lima Hotel,where she said she was staying.

The Hotel was a fifteen storey affair built of concrete and glass,with the name "SHERATON LIMA HOTEL AND CASINO" written in bold letters above the entrance.

At the reception desk,I showed a photo of my wife to the receptionist. She was , a black hair , Hispanic woman about twenty four, with a Munroe bust, a Bardot hip line and a charming smile.

I signed the register, was given a key, and took an elevator up to my room on the fifth floor.

It was overlooking a huge swimming pool ,with the Sheraton logo in its center. A few people swam around in it.

I showered, change my clothes, and went down to the restaurant for a meal.

After eating, I went to the Casino and played a few games of Blackjack to unwind. After a couple of hours losing, I returned to my room and stretched out on the bed, watched some news on the Telly until I fell asleep,

The next morning, I went to the Lima Cultural Museum which was about a block away, and paid a visit to the Curator. I explained to him the situation concerning my wife. He told me that the expedition had left two weeks ago, and they haven't heard a word from them as yet, a team went to investigate, and they too had

disappeared. It was a dangerous part of the Amazon, he said, where the dreaded Jivaros lived. He couldn't understand why anyone would want to go there.

I explained to him that my wife was a stubborn woman.

I thank him and left.

The Jivaros , I later learned, were an old, hostile tribe ,who shun outsiders. Most people gave them a wide berth, even the Authorities.

***

After a few days of making several inquiries, my hopes began to fade of ever seeing her again because most of the answers, I received were negative. They said that she was probably killed by the Jivaros,who hated everyone especially whites. All that bad news mademe sick and more depressed.

I put her photograph in the newspapers, offering a 500 Pounds reward to anyone who may know of her whereabouts,in hope that she may have been seen.

I asked around if there was any one who would take me to the area. They looked at me as if I were nuts or something.
As the days passed,I started drinking to drown my sorrow. Then one day, when I was about to give up, I got a call from the desk, saying that a man was asking for me.

I went downstairs to meet him . He was a short ,hispanic, middle aged , man in his fifties . He introduced himself as Pedro Amerez,of the Ministry of the Interior. We shook hands , and sat down in one of the booths in the lobby.
I offered him a drink, but he refused, saying that he was still on

duty, that, maybe, some other time.

“I think that I may be able to locate your wife.” he said pleasantly, with a heavy Spanish accent .

My hopes began to rise.

“Yes?” I said excitedly.

"Two weeks ago ,a trader reported having seen a red hair woman among the tribe.“

My hopes sprang, maybe she was still alive!

“Can you take me there?”I asked hopefully.

He began shifting in his seat.

“No !, no!, Senhor, you must not venture there. It will be very unwise, and very dangerous, going into that area,these people,they are still primitive, and it’s very risky, they trust but a few outsiders and hate the whites.”

“So I understand, “ I said, “ I will pay anything to get her back”

He raised his hands, “No! no ! senhor, no payment is necessary. I heard of your plight , and thought that maybeI can be of help.”.
He looked at his watch ,got up, and said “Well, senhor, I must be going,I shall inform you of any new developments."
We shook hands , and I told him I would appreciate his help very much,that I was extremely worried about her safety,of course.
He nodded and said” “I understand , Senhor, I love my wife, too.”
I gave him my room number to call anytime. He turned, and left the lobby,

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A week later, I got a call from Amerez.
“I have some news for you, senhor , could you please come to my office tomorrow?”
I told him I would, and he gave me the address and hang up.

Somehow I didn't like the tone of his voice. It sounded grave, ominous.

***

Bright and early the next morning I arrived at the office and spoke to the receptionist . She was a blonde in her forties, with an expression that would have frozen an Eskimo. Her green eyes were hard as glass and just as expressionless.

I told her who I was .

She told me in a surprisingly pleasant voice that Mr. Amerez was expecting me.

She got up and led me down a long corridor lined on either side by polished mahogany doors. She stopped at a door marked with a brass plate“ P.AMEREZ, DISTRICT COMMISSIONER” in bold gold plated letters.

She knocked on the door,.and a voice said to come in . She opened the door and waved me in .stepping aside for me to pass.

“Thank you, Miss Mendonza” said Amerez.

The woman left. Quietly.

Amerez got up from his desk looking grave and solemn . He shook my hand and beckoned me to sit in a straight back chair opposite him across the desk.

"Mr. Matthews,I am afraid I have some bad news for you,'he said solemnly.

He pulled out a desk drawer, and placed a pearl necklace on the desk.

'Do you recognise it?" He asked." I figured it was hers. She was wearing it from the photograph posted"

I gasped. Indeed, It was June's necklace that I gave her on our twentieth anniversary. My heart skipped a beat as a cold chill ran through me.

“Yes.” I replied, quite shaken, " Where did you find them?" I replied, shocked and feeling a little numb.

“ We found it ,among others , at a trading post , in the Amazon River,” he explained. “ I am sorry,

but I am afraid, she’s dead, Mr Matthews,” He said ,avoiding my eyes.

"But, but " I stammered, "Surely she could have misplaced it?"

"No! no !,Senhor,I am afraid she is dead. We have positive proof, but I think you should let that suffice, Mr. Matthews.”

“Please,” I begged ," I must know," I felt tears welling up in my eyes “If there is anything else, show me.”

He hesitated for a moment, and said,” I rather not, Mr Matthews,”

I insisted, becoming a bit angry at his reluctance.

He sighed, and said, “If you insist.”

He slowly took out another object from the drawer. It was

wrapped in black cloth.

“It was found along with the necklace".He said quietly.

He set the bundle down on the desk, got up, and left the room .

"I will be in the hallway, be brave," He said,

closing the door behind him. I wondered what he meantby that?

However,with trembling hands, I reached out, and began unwrapping the bundle, a series of confused thoughts racing through my mind.

I finally unwrapped it, and recoiled in horror, shock and disbelief, for there before me, was a shrunken head, the size of a man’s fist, with sewn-up lips and flaming red hair.

THE END

"News !"

I read about the murder in the morning papers in front of the fireplace. I was having my early morning coffee.

The headline blared: "ANOTHER GRUESOME MURDER IN WHITECHAPEL !"

London, Nov. 9.1888 - The city is again stirred to its very center, and again mysterious murder is the cause.
The cause, this time, is evidently another in the dread Whitechapel series, though it differs from the others in some particulars.
In the first place, this latest addition to the list of horrors was made indoors.
A house in Dorset street, near Hamburg street, was the scene of the murder.
A woman was the victim, as in the other cases, and her body was shockingly mutilated. It was found not many hours after the violence had been committed.
The murder had taken place in the woman's own room.
News of the discovery spread rapidly after it was once given out, and in a short time the vicinity was thronged with excited and morbidly curious people.
The police authorities took charge of the body and the house at once after the fact of the murder became known to them. They brought into use bloodhounds, which were lately tested for the purpose of hunting down the Whitechapel murderer in hope that the brutes could catch the scent and follow up the trail of the assassin.
The Lord Mayor's parade made an emergency which called a great portion of the police force to special duty in controlling the crowds in the streets. Hence the rigid patrol which has been kept up in the Whitechapel district was somewhat relaxed.
This gave the murderer his opportunity, which he was not slow to seize.
He is evidently more vigilant than the police, and has the advantage that he can study their movements without being himself subject to espionage.
The present victim is the eighth who has fallen before the Whitechapel fiend.

The fourth one was found in Hamburg street, not far from the location of this one, and at the time she was discovered there was written on the wall near the body the legend:
"Fifteen before I surrender."
According to this, seven more lives are yet to be taken, and from the success which has thus far attended the murderer's operations, it seems entirely possible, perhaps probably, that he will be able to fulfil his horrible intentions.
The appearance of the remains found last night was frightful, and the mutilation was even greater than in the previous cases. The head had been severed and placed beneath one of the arms. The ears and nose had been cut off. The body had been disemboweled and the flesh was torn from the thighs. The womb and other organs were missing. The skin had been torn off the forehead and cheeks. One hand had been pushed into the stomach.
The victim, like all the others, was a lewd woman. She was married, and her husband was a porter. They had lived together at spasmodic intervals. Her name is believed to have been Lizzie Fisher, but to most of the habitués of the haunts she visited she was known as Mary Jane.
She had a room in the house where she was murdered. She carried a latch key, and no one knows at what hour she entered the house last night, and probably no one saw the man who accompanied her. Therefore it is hardly likely that he will ever be identified.
He might easily have left the house at any time between 1 and 6 o'clock this morning without attracting attention. The doctors who have examined the remains refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held.
Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body lies and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope to running the assassin down with their assistance will have to be abandoned."

Closing the papers, I sighed and thought that I must try some other method of making news for my newspaper... I can't go on killing like this. It's becoming ridiculous !.

The End

The End

Roxanne

(*A foggy night on a lonely highway.)*

The hitchhiker stood alongside the highway wrapped in a shawl. A slight drizzle was on and the night was cold and windy. Frank who was driving in that direction ,and seeing from the figure that it was a woman pulled up alongside her.

"Can I give you a lift?" He offered. The figure smiled at him and replied, "You sure can ,mister." Frank opened the door and she got in. He found a gear and drove on. She was a young woman about eighteen ,blonde, with piercing green eyes.

"How come you are on the road at this hour ?" Frank inquired curiously.

"My boyfriend left me because I won't have sex with him," she replied bluntly. "Fine boy friend you have, ditching you like this and in this weather" Frank replied sarcastically .

“Yeah,” She answered evenly, “He's a bastard all right, but I will get even !” she said bitterly.

“How far do you live from here?” Frank asked “A few miles down the road” she replied quickly.

“Perhaps you can come in and have some coffee,” She suggested with a bright smile which revealed perfect lily white teeth “You look like a nice man.”

“You mean you live alone?, asked Frank .

“Not really, I have a room mate,” she replied evenly,” but she's out of town, gone to see her parents”.

“Oh, I see” ,replied Frank

“ By the way, my name is Roxanne,”

“That's a pretty name , mine's Frank,” he offered smiling,

”Reminds me of a movie I saw years ago called “Cyrano!”

“Cyrano?” she asked raising her brows curiously

“Yes ” he replied ,”He was a master swordsman in France. ho had a huge nose, and any one who taunt him about it ended up dead.!”

“ Wow!” she said amazed ,”He was sure sensitive about it”

“Yes, he certainly was,” Frank said adding,” Any way, he had a secret love for his cousin Roxanne ,but he was so sensitive about his nose, that he declined to tell her.”

“His cousin?” she asked surprised. “Yes, They could marry in those days.”

“And what happened? ”she asked.

“Well” He continued,” Roxanne fell in love with a fellow named Christian ,but Christian was a shy young man, and he didn't know how to express his love for her so he told Cyrano who was also a Poet and a friend of his . Cyrano agreed to speak for him secretly as a kind of stand in ,as he did not want to reveal himself to her and Christian agreed of course, not knowing about Cyrano's secret

love for her.and with Cyrano's poetic words, Christian had won her over and they were happily married."

"Wow, that's a great story" She said in a child's voice," but, what happened to Cyrano?," she asked curiously. Frank noticed that her voice would change in to a child's voice occasionally, but gave it no thought .

" Well" he replied clearing his throat,," He became an alcoholic, and was killed when a coach that ran over him"

"How sad !"she said sympathetically .

They drove in silence a few more miles and the young lady said "You can stop here now, please." Frank looked out of the window at the house. It stood a short distance away from the road in what he surmised an isolated area, he couldn't see any other building nearby which he thought was strange.

It was a small bungalow with a little garden in front .

Roxanne got out and invited him and told him to follow. They walked down a narrow footpath to the door.

Frank stood motionless as the girl opened the door. Once inside, the girl switched on the lights, which revealed a very modern living room, with a fifty inch TV which faced a long cream leatherette sofa opposite. On the coffee table was a pile of women's magazines .

“You can sit down and make yourself comfortable while I go and make some coffee”She suggested with a smile.

Frank sat down as the girl went into the kitchen. A strange feeling of dread washed over him as he sat down. Something just wasn't right. but he couldn't figure out what! . He took up a magazine and began browsing through, uninterested.

“Are you married “ The girl asked suddenly from the kitchen

“Use to be, but that was five years ago! 'Frank replied

“I am sorry”she replied.

“That's okay,I tried ,but it didn't work out! ”replied Frank, “I guess we were incompatible”

“How do you like your coffee? “ She asked,

“Black!” Frank replied.

“Okay, one black coffee coming up !” She came out of the kitchen, holding a cup and saucer and handed it to him. Frank took it and smiled, “Thanks!”

“Drink while I go and change into something more comfortable”she said.

Frank took a sip.” Hmmm, tastes great! ”he said. Pleasantly,

“Thanks “she replied.

She turned and walked behind a curtain which hung over a doorway .

As he sipped the brew, he wondered what the night would bring . He still felt uneasy.

A short while later, she returned wearing a short , see- through nightie.

Frank gasped and almost spilled his coffee in response.

“Do you like it ?” she asked .playfully “Yes,very much” he replied staring at her young figure beneath the flimsy garment. He felt his heart leap into his throat and a twitching in his pants .

“ You look great !”he stammered setting down the coffee cup gently.

“It was given to me by my boy friend on my twenty first birthday “she explained. “He certainly had good choice ”Frank replied. She sat down next to him. He could feel her warm body close to him. His breathing became staggered . He hadn't sex in a long time ,his life being consumed by his work as a Chartered Accountant at a prestigious firm in the city.

“how do you like the coffee? She asked. ”Need a refill ?”

“No thanks .It tastes great “

“Glad you like it. You are such a handsome man” she purred ,stroking his face tenderly “

“Er ,well, I guess I do have my looks' he said.modestly.

She inched closer ,a far away look coming into her eyes .”I do like mature men. You know?”.

Frank didn't reply as he felt her hands on his crotch. She began kissing him and his passion reeled.

“Not here,” She whispered softly in his ear,” Let's go into the bedroom” .

She got up and said in a sugaryvoice ,”Follow me, love”she then winked at him. Frank now trying hard to control his erection followed like a dog in heat.

The bedroom was shadowy saved for a light from a bedside lamp.

‘Undress while I go and freshen up“ she said softly . In a flash, Frank got out of his clothes and into the warm bed, anticipating a

night of bliss and pleasure. He could hear a tap running in the bathroom. as his heart thumped in anticipation.

A short while later, she returned, naked, carrying what looked like a piece of silken cord in her small hands. “I like to play a little game first.” ,She whispered softly as she crept into bed next to him, lowering her firm breasts to his lips. Frank sighed .She began tying his arms to the bed posts. After tying his arms, she found his manhood and sat on it slipping it up into her hot well lubricated cunt... Frank sighed *I don’t deserve this*. ! He thought. He was elevated to bliss as she began moving slowly, sensually, up and down his stiff shaft. Hmmmm that feels good.”He moaned He closed his eyes to focus on the sensations that raced through his body.

“Filth !”, She screamed suddenly, “ You are all filth!” Frank opened his eyes and froze!. He gasped in horror as he saw that she held a huge kitchen knife in her raised hands . Her beautiful face

had now contorted into a mask of hate, her eyes flashing , she brought it down in an awkward curve into his throat. Blood spurted from his severe jugalur vein, Screaming insanely, she stabbed him again and again as the ugly face of her drunken father sexually assaulting her as a child flashed through her tormented mind .. Blood spattered all over her from the severed arteries. A look of horror and disbelief reflected in his now glazed, sightless eyes .

Satiated, Roxanne got off of his convulsing body. Her hair was now matted with blood that seeped down her face. She threw the bloodied knifedown and began crying, "Mommy, Mommy! Help me, please !" she repeated over and over again.

Later she dragged Frank's corpse to the pool of quicksand in her backyard and dumped the body in and watched as it disappeared beneath the soggy mud.

Frank was her sixth victim

The End ?

Rebecca

Rebecca couldn't believe her eyes, after all these years, he was still alive. A shudder ran through her and a series of thoughts raced through her mind. Instinctively, she touch the ID number that was tatooed across her inner wrist.

It was Dr.Gehbert she saw,the Commandant of the women's prison camp in Birkenau. Their eyes met a second, "Did he recognize me?" she wondered.

Stunned, she got up and left the café'. She raced across to the parking lot and entered her car. Switching on the ignition, she still couldn't believe it. It was thirty years ago, yet, she remembered. It all came back in a flash as if it were only yesterday.

"..The long days of forced labor in dangerous conditions,the starvation, beatings and torture, medical experiments, standing at roll call for hours, random killings, and other atrocities. The "Mad Butcher" Dr Gehbert, who was given a free hand over a range of insanities, which were applied else where as well - The classification of skeletonsof men and women of various nationalities and races; heads severed and stored, sterilizations, how long people can live on salt water, hot and cold immersions,freezing, innumerable tests to see how people could die from various causes, injected with poisons or subjected to deadly diseases, complex and impossible forms of bone and skin grafts, demented attempts to rehape the human anatomy; without the benefits of pain killers or santitary safeguards and the list can go on an on of the atrocities committed in the camp where some women had their clitoris removed some would be inseminated artificially with a variety of semen and as pregnancy progressed, cut open for examination or to see how or when an aborion would be peformed, These abortions executed throughout the nine month

period cycle, the rare of success nearly zero, the women dying lke flies in terrible pain from the butchery .
As she reflected on the atrocities in the camp, a bitter feeling of hatred well up inside of her and all because of the man she had just seen, whom she thought had died in the aftermath of the defeat- the dreaded Dr Gehbert.
She drove home in a foggy state of mind and went immediately to the bathroom and vomited.
The next day she drove to the café, found a table by the window and sat down after ordering a cup of coffee at the counter. The place was beginnining to fill with customers.
After a few minutes, sipping her coffee, she saw him and a cold shiver ran down her spine. He was bidding a customer goodbye. She got up, slipped on her dark shades and walked quickly across the street. She had worn a long sleeve blouse to hide the ID number.
She stopped in front of the shop. He saw her looking at the show window and came outside.
"Hello there," he said pleasantly."Could I interest you in some flowers today?"
" It was him alright" She thought,"Even down to the long scar that ran down the side of his right cheek, she remembered that, older, thinner,but him alright."…
"Sure, please do."
He invited her in and stood in front of some orchids.
"Well, this here is one of my favourites." he began …
" The Bastard !" she thought bitterly remembering his cruelty.
After buying some flowers, She invited him for tea the next day and gave him her address.He thanked her graciously and said,"It should be easy to find" and bid her farewell.
The next day, the buzzer rang at precisely four 'o clock.She answered it.

There stood on the doorstep the old Florist, all dressed up in a double breasted brown suit.
" Come in, Mr Rossi, Come in, please." Roxanne said pleasantly.
The old man carried a bouquet of flowers in his gnarled hands.
"This is for you ." the old man said with a smile."And please call me Frank."
"Why, thank you, Frank." She said, taking the bouquet.' They are beautiful,here,take off your coat and make yourself comfortable."
He did and sat down in a sofa that was in front of a big TV.
Roxanne went into the kitchen,
' Nice place you got here." he commented.
'Well I try" replied Roxanne from the kitchen.' How do you like your tea, " she asked.
'Without milk,thank you." he replied.' Do you live here alone?"
"Yes, ever since my husband died.'
' Sorry"
"That's okay." Replied " Tell me something , Frank, how long have you been in Canada?"
'Oh well, about fifteen years, I would say"
"And how do you like it here"
"Well, I still can't got use to the weather."
"Me too, even though I was born here, It's terrible don't you think?."
"Rotten," he replied, But I guess you can't do anything about it, I guess."
She came out of the kitchen with a tray carrying a teapot and two cups She set it down on the small coffee table that stood between the sofa and the TV.
and sat down next to him, her grey eyes looking at him steadily.
Frank looked away quickly ,wondering why she stared at him like that.
'You know,Frank , it's been awhile since I had a man."

‘Really? A beautiful woman like you?”
“Thanks, I am beginning to feel lonely”
The conversation went on for a while and she asked him if he could spend the night with her. Of course, he agreed. He hadn’t sex for quite a while and maybe this was a chance to see if the old engine still worked.
The bedroom was shadowy ,saved for a light from a bedside lamp.
‘Undress while I go and freshen up“ she said softly.
In a flash, Frank got out of his clothes and into the warm bed, anticipating a night of bliss and pleasure.
He could hear a tap running in the bathroom.His heart thumped in anticipation.
A short while later, she returned, wearing a flimsy see thru nightgown and, carrying what looked like a piece of silken cord in her small hands.
“I like to play a little game first.”She whispered softly as she crept into bed next to him, She began to tie his arms and legs to the bed postAfterwards, she found his penis which was half erect,and played with it for a while and then slowly slipped it into her hot, tender flesh.
Frank sighed.
Frank was elevated to bliss as she began moving up and down slowly, sensuously. He moaned softly with pleasure and closed his eyes to focus on the delightfull sensations that raced through his frail body. He didn't see her reached under the pillow and retrieved a long blade knife.
“Monster!”, She screamed suddenly, Frank opened his eyes and froze!
He gasped in horror as he saw that she held a huge kitchen knife in her raised hands! Her beautiful face had contorted into a mask of hate, her eyes flashing .
She got off of him, took his now limp penis her eyes blazing with

hate she severed it with deft stroke. Frank's scream echoed through the house… Blood spattered all over her from the severed arteries.
He tried to struggle, but the bonds grew even tighter, .A look of dread, horror and disbelief reflected in his eyes .
"Remember this,Dr Gethbert!?"He looked and she showed him her prison ID number tatooed on her forearm. He stared and began struggling ' "No!" he cried,"Kill me !, kill me!'He pleaded.
"Not yet, you bastard, not until you suffer a little as I did from your knife" she spat in his face." She remembered the night the men taking turns raping her as he stood by laughing, and the painful amputation of her clitoris at his hands.
' For God's sake, kill me 'he pleaded hoarsely,his face a contortion of pain,hispleading was music to her ears.
' Not yet". She replied.
"The pain !the pain !I can't stand the pain!"he cried pitifully.
After watching him squirm a while longer,she reached out and slowly slit his throat,from ear to ear. She watched the blood squirting from the gaping wound with pleasure.

Wolf !

It was a chilly winter day. The wind was strong and howling as the snow flurry begins to fall.

A woman wrapped in a thick winter coat made her way hurriedly down a beaten path toward the village. Her heart was pounding in her breast, for there was talk about a maurading wolf in the area.

A werewolf ,

This was substantiated when the villagers saw to their horror and amazement that the paw prints had changed into footprints in the snow and heading towards the village.
.
The werewolf had already killed six people disembowelling them with fury and the villagers were afraid to go out. A hunting party was formed ,but the wolf was elusive and always kept one step ahead of them, so they decided to hire a professional hunter named Parker. who set traps in the woods around the village and waited.

***

The woman hastens her steps. Out of sight of from her untrained eye, is a sleek black creature. He watches without blinking as his unsuspecting prey hurries across the field without a clue that she is being watched.

He waits as she moves across the ground.

Watching,

Waiting.

She gets close, so close,

Patience, not yet..he thought.

She walks past him, inches from his vantage point without seeing him. He doesn't relax. He can't afford to let this opportunity slip through his claws. He uses his keen sense of hearing to listen. If he were to leave his position he could lose his advantage on her. The slightest movement of muscle could give him away.

His ears perk . He readies himself for the attack.

His heart is beating faster and faster.

He can hear his blood rushing through his veins.

She gets closer.

He positions his hind feet under his strong muscular body.

He readies his fangs for the kill.

The moment is almost here.

He tensed his leg muscles. Eyes fixed on the target

NOW ! he thought

Her scream pierces the air.as he pounces .

His huge form sails through the air as if in slow motion towards her, his orange eyes blazing,his lips curling back in a snarl as he opened his mouth , showing long yellow fangs.

A loud shot rang out.,shattering the silence.

The impact of the bullet caught him flush in his chest spinning him around in the air and he fell heavily in the snow at the woman's feet . His muscles went into involuntary spasms as his blood spread quickly over the snow.

The woman fainted.

"Looks like we got here just in time."said Parker the hunterto his companion

"Yeah, and not a bit too late." replied his companion staring at the twitching creature.

Then the transformation began as the two hunters looked on in amazement.

"No wonder we couldn't find him."cried Parker

The wolf slowly changed into the village preacher who had arrived a month earlier in the village.

The Delivery

She was in the Delivery room. Her husband Robert sat next to her, holding her hand, giving her moral support and wiping her brow occasionally.

The Nurse, realising that the moment is at hand, with her eyes fixed on the Doctor's hands, yells,

" Push, honey, push hard now , we are almost there just a little bit more to go !" she cried urgently.

The young wife, sweat beading up on her face, with painful moans and cries, pushed harder.

'You can do it, honey, push! Push!" urged the husband, squeezing her hand.

The baby's head begins to emerge slowly , ever so slowly. Then suddenly, all of the attendants ,including the husband gasped !

'What is it, Robert? what's the matter?'cried the wife, seeing the

startled expressions .

Robert turned white as a sheet'

"It's, the baby, Martha " stammered the husband, trembling.

'The baby?" she asked, her face a mask of apprehension," What,

what do you mean, Robert, what's the matter with our baby?".

'It hasn't got a mouth!" He replied

The Painting

Do you believe in Reincarnation, sir,? No you say? well a strange thing happened to me on my wife's forthieth birthday.

It all started when I went in search for a present for my wife's birthday. Seeing that she was an artist, I decided to surprise her with a painting .so I went into an art store in Kensington that fateful day.

At the art store, I was shown several paintings, but then when I was alone, I heard a soft voice saying "Buy me, Master, buy me !" the voice was so compelling, that I turned to look in the direction I heard it coming from, and looked into the pleading eyes of a full breasted, brown skinned girl ,carrying a basket full of fruits on her head. The painting was entitled "the Slave Girl". It was so detailed that I even saw a snake-handled knife protruding amidst the fruits. of course I thought I was going nuts- a voice from a painting but yet the girl's face looked familiar.but I couldn't recall where I had met her. However it was so well done and realistic.that I bought it. I could have sworn that her smile widened at the purchase.but then I put that down to my overwrought imagination.

At home, I took down the old landscape painting that hung over the fire place for decades and replaced it with the new painting. I.stood back and began admiring it once and the vague feeling of knowing her returned. It was so realistic, so beautiful, that for a moment I thought that she was alive, believe me.

I figured that as the wife was out shopping this should be a big surprise for her when she returned ,or so I thought.

I then retired to my couch turned on the TV and waited for her return.

About an hour or so later, I heard her car pulled into the driveway and her voice saying "Henry, could you come and help me with the bags, please!" I got up immediately and went to the car, give her a welcome kiss to which she said , "My, aren't we in a good mood today" and I then took out the groceries bags and we both headed for the kitchen door.adjoining the garage.

In the kitchen,after setting down the bags ,I placed my hands over her eyes and said ," I've got a big surprise for you !'

She smiled and said playfully,"Really? oh,Henry, why don't you grow up!".I then placed my hands over her eyes and steered her into the living room in front of the painting, removed my hands and cried out "Happy Birthday, Honey!" expecting her to cry out for joy, but to my surprise, she looked at the painting and instead she cried, "Take it away,! Take it away NOW!" she screamed.
To say the least, I was shocked at her reaction and. I couldn't figure it out!
"But, but, Honey I,I thought that you would like it "I stammered lamely.
Her voice became shrilled "Take it away, Henry , take that damn thing out of the house right now!" she screamed . Confused, I turned and looked at the painting and could'nt believe my eyes- the face had been transformed from a face of beauty into a mask of hate! The girl's eyes blazed in fury. I stood rooted on the spot, horrified, I had'nt noticed that my wife had gone into the kitchen .She returned with a huge kitchen knife and she was rushing towards the painting. I rushed over to try to grab her hand to stop her , then something struck me and I blacked out.

When I regained consciousness, the place was dark, all in a mess,. every thing was upturned as if a hurricane had passed through.My first thought was for my wife. I then called out frantically“ Helen !, Helen,! where are you? “ I cried

Silence.

I became quite alarmed of course, then I glanced at the painting and ,horrors on horrors, I saw nothing was there but the background of huts and trees.but t he girl was missing ! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. What madness was this ? I wondered. Is it all a dream ? my mind was in turmoil then I heard a soft groan. coming from a far side of the room,.My blood ran cold , a shiver ran down my spine as I saw my wife slumped over in a corner, the snake handle knife from the painting embedded deep in her chest which was all spattered with blood! I sprung up and rushed over to her ,my heart pounding in my chest.It was then I heard a shrill voice behind me.. I turned slowly and saw to my horror and dis belief the girl from the painting coming towards me, her bloody hands out stretched!” Mine !",she cried,in a raspy voice” Now ,you are all mine!”

Well they say here at the asylum that I was responding well to treatment and that soon I will return to society.but they have been saying this *three years ago.!*

Maybe all this wouldn’t have happened if I hadn’t seen her coming out of the motel with my best friend Bertie.

The Brunette Killer !

Jackson watched her moved in from his apartment's window. She was beautiful,full bodied and a brunette. He felt excited. He loved brunettes. especilly loved to kill them.

It all started back in his youth when he fell in love with a brunette named Hyacinth. She was in the same choir with him and she spurned his advances,telling him that he was "not her type". It hurt then and it still did, even after twenty years..

Then the killings started and he murdered twelve women since then. All brunettes .The cops were after him ,of course,and he had eluded them for six years. He killed at random ,off and on some times months on end , which made it difficult for the authorities to catch him. The press called him the "Brunette Killer." He liked that . It had a great ring to it. but the cops were fools, depending mostly on tips from citizens. Apart from that, they were

incompetent jackasses he concluded and he despised them for that. He even sent type written notes to them from time to time taunting them. One such was "I spoke to a couple of you guys the other night, catch me if you can" and signed BK for Brunette Killer. He taunted them just like Jack The Ripper (who was his favourite serial killer) did in Whitechapel,London back in 1888. He had even tried to copycat Jack leaving some of his victims disembowelled, but after a couple of victim he found he hadn't the stomach to carry out such mutilations. It was too gory for him. So he garroted, raped and slit their throats. He found this method less messy.

Now there was this new tenant. How appropiate. It was ironic. He didn't have to search for them this time. She had come to him. What a bonus! he concluded excitedly. She would be lucky number thirteen

He studied her movements for a couple of weeks found out that her name was Rachel and that she lived two floors below him at number fourteen and that she had a boyfriend named Frank ,who would pick her up on weekends. He seemed to be well off,always dressed in well tailored suits,he noted, and a pang of jealousy would washed over him combined with bitter hatred. It reminded him of Hyacinth and her "high falutin' boyfriends.

It was a cold windless night that Jackson decided to kill his neigbour. He looked at his watch. It read 6:30. She would be here from work in another fifteen minutes. She was a precise person he had observed and very punctual.

In his apartment, Jackson reached into his coat pocket locating his black driving gloves. He liked the feel of the type with the holes in

them for his knuckles to show through. The thin piano wire was in his other pocket along with the serrated knife. "Guaranteed to cut thru a stale loaf of bread and even a steak bone."The TV ad said. He stepped off on a dream tangent momentarily recalling the advertisement.

He went out into the long narrow corridor and down the stairway to Rachel's apartment. He gripped the bannister with one hand and took each step with meticulously placed footsteps so as not to make a sound of his trespass.

The hallway offered a weird silence and no one was in sight. He slipped a credit card between the jamb and the lock and pushed against the door. The door clicked and opened a crack.. Rachel didn't have time to secure and mount her dead bolt as of yet. He listened intently before entering.

There was a loud ticking of a wall clock as he closed the door behind him and locked it. He went directly to her bedroom. He smiled displaying his decaying teeth as he opened her dresser drawers. He fondled her delicate silk underwear stroking them with the gentleness of petting a fawn, and breathed in their tantilizing smell , getting a slight erection.

The phone in the living room rang .He stiffened. The answering machine picked it up on the fourth ring.

"Baby, it's Frank..I 've got the contract and we are going out to celebrate. I'll pick you up at 7:30 . Bye now,Ilove you.sweetheart" The phone clicked off. Jackson smiled weakly. He scanned the bedroom

For a place to hide.

He entered the bathroom. behind the shower curtain! Yes ,he reasoned...No wait! He changed his mind abruptly. He stepped from the plastic tub pushing aside the white vinyl curtain. And entered the walk-in closet instead. He placed his back to the wall of the closet and waited now for Rachel's shower when she came home from work.

He held the closet door open a crack when he heard the key enter and the tumblers drop from the lock. Rachel clicked on the red flashing light of her answering machine and heard her lover's voice. " I love you Sweetheart!" she yelled after she heard the message. He carefully closed the door tightly now. Rachel had gone into her bedroom. He heard her steps hurrying, frantic as she searched though her drawers and closets.. He held his breath as he heard her just on the other side of the linen closet door. Hoping

she would not open it and find him there.

He gripped the wire with both hands and pulled it taut.

She went to the living room and clicked on her stereo. " I will always love you" by Dolly Parton was playing loud.

He heard her turn the faucet for the water.. He pictured her testing it. The metal rings which suspend the vinyl curtain slid across the stainless bar. He paused for a moment before he opened the closet door a fraction of a space.

She was in the tub now. The water caressing her every charm. Her shaving razor was on the sink. He emerged totally from his hiding place and reclosed the closet door. He stood facing her separated only by a thin piece of plastic. He watched her silhouette rubbing her head and washing that lavish brunette hair. Her hand emerged from the tub groping for a towel lying nearby . He backed up quickly against the wall away from her searching groping fingers. He slid by just in time avoiding her contact and the realization he

was there.

Tightening the grip on the piano wire once more he stood ready for when she pulled the curtain aside.

The music stopped in the living room. " What the hell?" she said as she slid the entire length of the curtain over.

His outstretched muscular hands lunged with the wire at her throat. She tried to scream. He felt the tension shimmering through her naked body . The shower curtain came down ripping through the small holes from the weight of his body upon her. Her blue eyes were full of panic now as he tightened his grip and twisted it firmly around her slendor neck.

"Die, Bitch, Die!" he cried savagely. as he saw Hyacinth's face replacing Rachel's in his craze.

He hunched over her kissing her bare breasts while still holding her with the wire securely around her throat. She fought back

aginst his weight kicking, clawing, grabbing at anything that was a part of him. She wanted to cry but couldn't.

Rachel felt the nauseating dreary darkness, associated with death enclosing around her. He pinned her beneath him releasing his grip a bit so he could explore more of her body . She had gone limp in his arms . Her eyes had bulged and rolled back into her head. He reached in his pocket for the serrated knife to finish his dissection.. He plunged the knife deeply into her soft stomach. "Spurn me ,will you ,you frigging, uppity whore!"The splattering of blood sprayed upon the tiles, her face and her hands .. Her thighs jerked convulsively as she struggled to breathe .

Suddenly Jackson felt a ,burning across his throat he touched his throat and it came away with blood. His eyes gave a worried hysterical look as he stared at itfoolishly. He tried to raise up and

scream and felt a knee in his back .while his stomach lurched in violent tremors. He turned his head to see a man with a long, thin blade knife held in his hand..The tip was driping blood. His blood.

"I don't know who you are, Friend, " said a calm voice, "but you saved me a lot of grief on how to get rid of her, my wife was getting suspicious"

Jackson eyes gave a blank far away stare an expression of shock and dread on his twisted face. As he died.
Frank ,Rachel's boyfriend placed the knife in her hands and left the apartment.

The End

The Hitchhiker

He was just a punk kid about eighteen , well built and tough looking. He had a mop of red hair hanging to his shoulders from beneath a blue New York Yankees baseball cap.

He wore a black leather wind breaker and faded blue jeans and he stood almost in the centre of the highway, waving me down. I felt sorry for him so I pulled over and stopped .

“Where you going, kid?” I asked.

”To Kimberly.” he replied with a toothy smile.

Kimberly was the next town about 10 miles ahead.

“Okay, kid, get in ”I said.

He thanked me ,unstrapped his haversack from his back, threw it in the backseat and got in.and buckled up.

After he had buckled up, I found a gear, and drove off . I turned on the radio which was playing some country music.

“So, what are you doing on the road at this time of night,kid, there’s a killer on the loose in these parts you know?’

“Yeah, I know,” he said,” a real nut ,if you ask me, he’s already killed six people…axed them to death, he did.”

I checked the fuel guage . It was almost empty.

“Looks like I’ve got to get some gas.” I said.

“A good idea,” He replied,” I also need to take a leak. ”

We pulled into a three pump gas station a few miles down the road.

The gas station stood all alone in the midst of prairie land. A few balerolls of hay laid scattered about in the distance, next to an old red barn..

An old guy about seventy came out of the store wiping his hands on a dirty rag as I parked the car near the pumps.

“Well, sir, what will it be?” asked the guy coming around to the driver’s window.

“Fill her up,” I said.

“Any washroom around here, pop ? “ asked the kid .

“Yeah,son.” replied the old guypleasantly,” At the back of the store on your left.”

The kid thanked him and got out and went around the building

The old guy uncapped the fuel tankand placed a pump inside.the tank

He said in a raspy voice,”Say, did you hear about them murders ?”

“Yeah ,” I replied,” It’s all over the news,pretty grim stuff.”

I was feeling kind of tired from the long trip and didn’t really feel like talking, but being a nice guy, I figured that the old guy was a bit lonelyall by himself this side of lonesome,so I let him talk.

“Pretty sick guy, hacking up all them people like that”. He continued, replacing the fuel pump.”

"Yeah,I heard he sure butchered them alright, I can't figure what's this world coming to., I heard that he probably used a chainsaw or

axe the way the bodies were mutilated 'The old guy then slipped the rag into his back pocket and said,

“Well, that will be two bucks”

I paid him.

He thanked me, told me to be careful and went back inside the building,

Just then the kid came back outside the store carrying two bags of chips and a couple of Cokes.

After we finished eating the snacks, I drove out of the gas station and headed down the highway.

A few minutes of silence elapsed, then the kid said,

“You know,I was wondering about the killings,”

“Yeah? what about them?”I asked.

“What makes a guy go on a rampage like that.”

“Well,” I said,”People kill for various reasons.revenge, greed, jealousy. Some times, they are just plain psychos, killing just for the pleasure of it”. I explained.

“He surprises people.” The kid said” “ Never know where he will pop up next. or who his next victim will be, it’s difficult to catch a man like that.”

’Yes so I figure,.he’s smart all right”

"These nutcases are usually very clever" The kid continued licking his lips” but I say they will get him. He can’t go on killing people like that. He will make a slip up some time. “

“Well, I guess that after awhile it didn't make any difference to him if he was caught or not or whether they were men , women, children. They were all the sameto him,” I said.

“I heard they got a description of him.”the kid said suddenly.

“Yeah? what did they say he looked like ?”I asked

“Well , for one thing, the survivor said he had red hair.”He replied.

“How about me, don’t I fit the description?”I asked playfully.

“Naw, you've got brown hair.”He answered.with a shrug

I stopped the car and said. “I could have dyed it .”

The kid's eyes widened in fear and disbelief when he realize what was going to happen.

I then reached for my machete…..

I eventually dumped his corpse in a clump of bushes, got back into my car .He was my tenth victim and I wondered as I drove off when the voices in my head will stop telling me to do these awful things.

The asylum was bad enough.

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The Prostitute

It was a frosty Christmas Eve night in the big city. Light snow was falling silently on the ground, covering everthing with it's delicate flakes.
Sam's Bar on Front street, was crowded with revellers having a swell time. The place was thick with smoke, a cacophony of chat and loud laughter filled the bar.
The new prostitute sat sipping a drink at the bar in the small smoky joint. She was listening to a tall, slim, sax player named Neddy belting out 'The Christmas Song" on a small round dais.
She was a well built, brown skinned woman, with a powerful figure, her brown skin, large breasts and broad hips looked beautiful in the elegant green dress she wore.
It was her first night there, and all of the regulars wanted a crack at her.
"Are you available?" said a soft voice on her right, breaking into her thoughts. She looked down at a short dude, dressed in a white outfit, with a red handkerchief in a breast pocket . He was flashed a double row of gold teeth as he smiled.
"You talkin' to me, honey?" She spoke defiantly, almost jeeringly, but something in her stance and bold stare, told him that she was ready for almost anything. He discreetly slid a fifty from a jacket pocket, widened his smile, and nodded.
'I'd like to make an appointment," he said slipping the folded bill into her hand, "That is, if you are available?."
She stared at him, then to the bill, then back, a look of utter disbelief on her face. Then suddenly, she grinned.
" Why, of course, I 'm available, sugar, check out room number 8, and wait for me, huh ?"
"Sure thing , sweetie. " the John said," By the way, they call me Horse."
"They call me Brown Sugar,"She said with a sly smile and slipped him a key, "Gimme a minute to stash my coat, and I 'll be right there with you…Horse"
Horse, filled with anticipation, turned and disappeared in the crowd .his wide brimmed white flop hat at an askew angle. He walked with a pronounced swagger..
In the room, he lay naked on a clean ,white sheet bed, hands clasped

behind his neck, waiting. The place smelled like honeysuckle.
There was a soft knocking on the door. Horse got up and opened it. The woman slipped in and began undressing slowly.
" Before we do it, Hon, I'd like to play a little game, " She said in a syrupy voice,as she slipped out of her pink, nylon panties.
Hell, he thought, *another kinky one, and all I want is to shoot my rocks off !*
"What kind of game, honey pie?" He asked.
She took out a blue silk cord from her purse."This!" she said with a broad smile.
"Shit,!a bondage freak,he thought.
"How about giving me a bulb before we get into that, sweetie?"He suggested.
"Sure,why not,lover" she said, gripping his bone, tightly. She slipped it into her mouth and began licking the rim slowly, expertly. Horse slipped into third heaven
"How's it feeling,lover?"She asked.with a sly smile.
"Hoooo! That feels great, sugar, but go easy, huh,. nice and slow " he said, as he felt his penis growing under her constant licking.
"Wow!" she said amazed."You sure got a son of a gun there."
"Yeah,, they don't call me Horse for nothing." he bragged. proudly
"No kiddin.",
'Man, that feels great,"He moaned.
Enraptured, he allowed himself to be tied, spread eagled on the bed. He watched her do a slow, tantalizing strip, which revealed a well shaped figure with firm jutting breasts. The nipples fully erect. His eyes strayed down to the black patch of hair at her crotch.
She then bent over and placed the tip of an erect nipple into his mouth."Suck gently,Tiger" she whispered. She then straddled him and slipped his now trobbing penis deep into her slick oven, and then began riding him slowly up and down.in practiced rythmn.
Damn, I don't deserve this ! Horse thought happily.
"Now, close your eyes for a big surprise, lover boy." She said soothingly.
He closed his eyes and sighed as the sensations rippled through his body. He felt her mouth moving down his body to his penis ,which she engulfed into her mouth
"That's it baby, you are doing fine"He sighed.

She lifted her head and said ."I have a secret to tell you, Honey"
"Secret? What secret?"
"I am a Cannibal !"and bit down hard on his penis . He started to scream, kicking wildly, but the bonds tightened further on his wrists and ankles ,biting into his flesh.
The blaring sounds of "Winter Wonderland", coming from downstairs drowned out his screams..

Some portions of this narrative should be best read after mealtimes!

(Jack the Ripper is the name that has been given to an unidentified serial killer responsible for murders occurring in the impoverished Whitechapel section of London in 1888. "Jack the Ripper" became the first internationally known serial killer. The name Jack the Ripper comes from the signature of a letter, dated 25 September, 1888, and received by the Central News Agency on 27 September, 1888.

There were 11 murders of prostitutes in the Whitechapel area from 1888 to 1891, known as the Whitechapel Murders. Five of these are commonly identified as the Jack the Ripper murders. Those of Mary Ann Nichols at Buck's Row, Whitechapel, on Friday 31 August 1888, Annie Chapman at Rear Yard at 29 Hanbury Street, Spitalfields on Saturday 8 September 1888, Elizabeth Stride at the yard at side of 40 Berner Street, St Georges-in-the-East on Sunday 30 September 1888, Catherine Eddowes at Mitre Square, Aldgate, City of London on Sunday 30 September 1888 and Mary Jane Kelly at 13 Miller's Court, 26 Dorset Street Spitalfields on Friday 9 November 1888.)

Four of the women were in their forties who,from descriptions,medical reports,and photographs, were harldly glamorous sex objects.Destitution and dissipation had aged them beyond their years.The fifth was twenty-four and no beauty. She was over three months pregnant at the time of her death.

the Ripper murders took place in a one square mile area of the East End and the City of London surrounding Whitechapel.)

"Damn !, " cried Chief Inspector Petrie of Scotland Yard, as he finished reading the letter addressed to him.
His assistant Pims, sitting at his desk across from him looked up and said "What is it, Peter,?

"Here, ,"He said, handing over the letter," read this for your self, another letter from the Ripper".
Pims took it and read :

Dear Boss,
I am enjoying this game of cat and mouse, so far you are losing looking in the wrong places,and I am under your very noses.I will give you a hint of my next venture,This time it will be out of Whitechapel.

Yours Truly,

Jack the Ripper.

PS catch me if you can!, Ha! Ha!

PS Wasnt good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha

Pims put down the letter, looked at his superior, and said, "This could well be a ploy to put you off the scent, he?s clever chap,you know,."
"No, Pims, I have a gut feeling he means it.?" He replied, " Now ,damn, We will have to spread out our search"

A few days later.

Spitalfields, London, November 1888.

1.00 am.

The night was cold and foggy. The street was almost deserted ,but for a few coaches passing by occasionally. A tall, lone figure was walking hastily,his head bowed,He was carrying a black bag. His footfalls echoed on the cobblestones. The thick mist swirled around him as he made his way along the deserted street.
"Feeling naughty,Sir?"asked a seductive, husky voice coming from the shadows of an alleyway . The tall man stopped. From his bearing, having a top hat and a long overcoat the prostitute figured he was a "gentle man" possibly on his way home. she emerged from the alleyway near a a street lamp. .
She was a bit on the plump side in her twenties, wearing a fur collared ,well worn brown frock that fell to her ankles. Her hair was a light red. A small artificial dot was on the right side of her red pouted lips and she smelled of cheap liquor.
The man stiffened at her sight. *It is her*, he thought , *At last I?ve found the slut.* In a well modulated voice he asked "How much?"
The prostitute, Mary Kelly, smiled, showing a missing tooth, “For you, sir, two shillings!” she responded hopefully.with a slight smile.

*Slut!*He thought furiously. Raging inside.

"Where shall we go?" He asked bluntly .

"I have a room at the back "she replied softly," Follow me ".

The man clutched the handle of the little black bag he carried tightly.

The room was approximately 12 feet square. Opposite the door was a fireplace. On the left of the door and at right angles to it

were two windows, one of which was close enough to the door as to be able to reach through it and unbolt the door. To the right of the door was a bedside table so close that the door would hit it when opened. Next to the table was a bed with the head against the door wall, its side against the right wall. The room contained two tables and a chair and a cheap print entitled "The Fisherman's widow" hanging over the fireplace. Opposite the fireplace was a small cupboard which contained cheap crockery, empty ginger beer bottles and a little stale bread.

"The money first, please" she requested politely.

"Money ? ah ,yes." the man replied evenly*".You bitch* !" he thought bitterly. He set the bag down on the bed and turned his back to her , she began undressing.
The man rummaged around a bit ,then turned suddenly." You?' she cried, recognizing him.
" Yes, me , Slut!,Remember?" she then froze with terrror at the sight of the long blade knife he held in his gloved hand. She tried to get away , but the man quickly grabbed her, covered her mouth with his other hand, and with a deft stroke,slit her throat. He then threw her squirming on the bed.

"Slut! "He screamed as he began slashing at her face "You must die!,whore" he raged," Die! like the rest of your stinking lot!".

He went into a frenzy. He began cutting off her pair of still warm breasts and placed them on a bedside table. Then he gutted her from her breasts to her pubes in a single gash and ripped out her intestines, enjoying the gurgling sounds it made. Muttering to himself,he then piled them up beside the breasts,. Searching around the body cavity, he found her kidneys and cut them out

.He then took out heart and began eating it, enjoying the texture. Afterwards he licked the blood that ran from between his fingers ,and continuted the mutilations . Cutting off her ears and nose,he placed them on top of the pile. Exhausted , he got up, wiped his brows, then slashed her face several times again and finally spat on her in disgust before he left and disappeared into the night.

Excerpts from the Boston Globe, November 9th 1888 :

London, Nov. 9.- The city is again stirred to its very center, and again mysterious murder is the cause.

The cause, this time, is evidently another in the dread Whitechapel series, though it differs from the others in some particulars. In the first place, this latest addition to the list of horrors was made indoors. A house in Dorset street, near Hamburg street, was the scene of the murder. A woman was the victim, as in the other cases, and her body was shockingly mutilated. It was found not many hours after the violence had been done.

The murder had been committed in the woman's own room.

News of the discovery spread rapidly after it was once given out, and in a short time the vicinity was thronged with excited and morbidly curious people.

The police authorities took charge of the body and the house at once after the fact of the murder became known to them. They brought into use bloodhounds, which were lately tested for the purpose of hunting own the Whitechapel

murderer in hope that the brutes could catch the scent and follow up the trail of the assassin.

The Lord Mayor's parade made an emergency which called a great portion of the police force to special duty in controlling the crowds in the streets. Hence the rigid patrol which has been kept up in the Whitechapel district was somewhat relaxed.

This gave the murderer his opportunity, which he was not slow to seize.
He is evidently more vigilant than the police, and has the advantage that he can study their movements without being himself subject to espionage.
The present victim is the eighth who has fallen before the Whitechapel fiend. The fourth one was found in Hamburg street, not far from the location of this one, and at the time she was discovered there was written on the wall near the body the legend:
"Fifteen before I surrender."
According to this, seven more lives are yet to be taken, and from the success which has thus far attended the murderer's operations, it seems entirely possible, perhaps probably, that he will be able to fulfil his horrible intentions.
The appearance of the remains found last night was frightful, and the mutilation was even greater than in the previous cases. The head had been severed and placed beneath one of the arms. The ears and nose had been cut off. The body had been disemboweled and the flesh was torn from the thighs. The womb and other organs were missing. The skin had been torn off the forehead and cheeks. One hand had been pushed into the stomach.
The victim, like all the others, was a lewd woman. She was married, and her husband was a porter. They had lived together at spasmodic intervals. Her name is believed to have been Lizzie Fisher, but to most of the habitu□ of the haunts she visited she was known as Mary Jane.
She had a room in the house where she was murdered. She carried a latch key, and no one knows at what hour she entered the house last night, and probably

no one saw the man who accompanied her. Therefore it is hardly likely that he will ever be identified.

He might easily have left the house at any time between 1 and 6 o'clock this morning without attracting attention. The doctors who have examined the remains refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held.
Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body lies and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope to running the assassin down with their assistance will have to be abandoned..

Later that day, he stood among the crowd and watched as her remains were placed in a covered wagon and quickly removed to a mortuary adjoining the old Shoreditch Church. The crowd dispersed.

Later, the Ripper was in his flat sitting before the fire place sipping some Port. He was deep in thought. "*Some how, he?s got to end this torment*" he thought .*He knew what he must do"* .he got up went over to his writing desk and began writing. *Dear Sir?.*

Just then came a loud knocking at his front door.

"Who is it?"asked the killer.

"Police!" came the sharp reply. His heart pounding, he quickly threw the letter in the fire place, then composing himself, went to the door and opened it.

A pair of uniformed police officers stood on the threshold, one tall and thin, the other short and fat.

"Yes, Officers, what can I do for you?"He said trying to keep himself calm.

" I am Officer Percival," said the tall one, " and this is Officer Newton," indicating his friend who nodded.

"We are checking the neighbourhood, we saw that your light was on, so we came to tell you that should you hear any unusual sounds, please note the time and description. We have reason to believe the Ripper is hereabouts . The net is closing in on him,"

"I see ,is that all, Officer ?"

"Yes, sir, Just be careful."The officers wished him a good night amd left.

The doctor closed the door gently.

On the sidewalk, Officer Newton said suddenly.

"Did you noticed he was kind of nervous?"

"Who? him,? Don?t make me laugh, Frank, he couldn?t harm a fly,as a matter of fact, he is dedicated to saving lives, not taking them,

"Yes ,well, I guess so, it was just a thought."

"You worry to much, Bill."and yawned.

A few days later, the Chief Inspector received a letter addressed to him He opened it and began reading :

The letter fell from his hands and his eyes reflected shock and disbelief,

Pims hustled across to the desk, "Peter,are you okay?"

The Chief Inspector didn?t reply, but nodded to the letter

Pims took it up and read :

Dear Sir,

By the time you read this letter I will be dead. I cannot go on like this. I must confess the torment is too much and weighs heavily on my soul. I cannot carry this secret for the rest of my life . I must now put an end to it. I confess that I am responsible for the last five recent murders here in Whitechapel namely that of Mary Nichols ,Anne Chapman, Cathrine Eddoes ,Elizabeth Stride and finally ,Mary Kelly in Spitalsfield ,the woman I was searching for, who not only robbed me, but also gave me the dreaded disease ..Infected with that dreaded curse,I was bent on revenge. Yesterday I found her again and I killed her . I also killed the others to prevent them from warning her ,but it later proved too strenuous for my conscience. and may all forgive me.

Signed , John Woodward ,MD. Alias : Jack the Ripper.

Later that night, the doctor stood on the bridge, heavy stones in his coat pockets. He took a last look around, climb the barrier and jumped into the murky waters below.

A neighbour reported to the police that the doctor's door was seen opened for a few days which was quite unusual for the doctor was a very meticulous man. An investigation was made and the ominous note was found.

Later in the Chief Inspector's office :

"Unbelievable!" said the chief Inspector after reading the note "he was right under our noses, living just a few blocks away . from here."
"Yes" said Pims softly " and to think he was *our* chief coroner as well. "
" This is utterly embarrassing,"replied the Chief Inspector," the public must not know about this,"

He handed Pims the note.

"Destroy it! " He ordered.

Pims did.

The End

Fright Night !

His name was George and he was an overweight man, in his late fifties going bald, and was now sitting in the living room reading the local newspapers.

"Listen to this, honey" he said to his wife Joy who was in the kitchen preparing supper.

"*Three rats infected with the bacteria responsible for bubonic plague apparently disappeared from a laboratory a week ago. Authorities have launched a search, though health experts said there was scant public risk."*

Yeah right ! he thought with a sneer

"*It is assumed that if the rats had escaped from the lab, they would have already died from the disease" he paused to catch a breath feeling a bit uneasy "The possibility of theft prompted the Institute to interrogate two dozen of it's employees and conduct lie detector tests. The FBI said they were investigating '*

""'One week, and the bastards didn't tell us anything " said George incensed, "They don't care, they tried to cover it up!
"But is that legal? "His wife asked curiously
"I don't think so, but they will give us the usual crap that they didn't want to cause panic!'
"The lab they mentioned,George ,that's not far from here!,
"That's what I was thinking, about five miles from here"An uneasy feeling washed over him.
"And did they say Bubonic? Isn't that the plague that almost destroyed Europe during in the fourteenth century?" asked his wife alarmed.
"Something like that," He replied evenly," But I think they have

found a cure for it by now ,at least, I hope they have""
"Let's hope so !" said the wife nervously "for according to the history books as I recall reading in High School, people infected died like flies at the time, about 50 million in three years all over Europe, I think it was caused by fleas from infected rats, wasn't it?"
"Yeah, It's a scary stuff, alright " he said scratching his huge stomach and letting out a loud burp from the beer he was drinking.
"What are the symptoms? she said ,"I can't remember"
"Here, lemme go check it out"
With much sighs and grunts he got up and went over to the computer room nearby. He logged on to a popular search engine and pressed "bubonic plague symptoms" in the search box . After a short while he exclaimed,
' Hell bells, honey, this *is* scary stuff, all right , here's a quote from that period" and he began reading aloud,

." *The Black Death was so named as sufferers displayed a range of symptoms including the lymph nodes swelling with pus and breaking the blood vessels under the skin. a small swelling under the armpit ,sudden fever; spitting blood and saliva (and no one who spit blood survived it). this caused internal bleeding and turned the skin black.*
"Neither physicians nor medicines were effective. Whether because these illnesses were previously unknown or because physicians had not previously studied them, there seemed to be no cure. There was such a fear that no one seemed to know what to do. When it took hold in a house it often happened that no one remained who had not died. And it was not just that men and women died, but even sentient animals died. Dogs, cats, chickens, oxen, donkeys, sheep showed the same symptoms and died of the same disease. And almost none, or very few, who showed these symptoms, were cured."

“He switched off the computer and sighed, “ Wow !” He cried, ”Could you imagine something like that hitting the States today,eh honey?” he said gravely.
“I don’t even want to imagine “ she replied setting the table, “It’s gruesome, just thinking about it .It gives me the creeps!”
"No shit."
She added, “Here, George, come eat your supperr” It was then they heard the scratching at the door,
“What the hell was that , Honey?” He asked suddenly
“Sounds like some kinda scratching”
“Scratching? Hold on,pet, Lemme go and check.”
“Be careful” she warned apprehension in her voice.

George got up and walked to the door.

The scratching stopped.

He slowly unlatched the door and looked around in the darkness but saw nothing.
“Must be the wind.”he exclaimed with a shrug closing the door. Walking back to the table and he sat down
“George, I am scared,” said the wife,” What if one of the rats had gotten away?”
“It’s hardly possible,” he replied tying a bib around his neck, they sent in the exterminators and those guys are pretty efficient with all the high tech stuff these days and they did say that there were scant public risk “

The scratching began again.
.
“Holy shit, this is it,” said George angrily, getting up quickly

“Must be some kids playing a prank on us” his wife suggested
He rushed over to the cabinet drawer and pulled out a revolver.
His wife screamed “Don’t George!’ but he ignored her and shouted
“You out there , this is private property, and I am going to shoot any f***ing body I see out there, NOW! you hear?”

He rushed to the door and pulled it open then drew back quickly , "Shit !" he cried a mask of horror on his face.

There before him were two of the biggest rats he had ever seen in his life. They stared at him with steady red beady eyes. Suddenly they, in unison, pounced on him, knocking him off balance backwards to the floor. The revolver went flying from his hand. He fell heavily to the floor with a loud grunt.
"Run, Margaret Run!" He screamed hysterically as the rats quickly converged on him,. They began ripping at his throat between squeaks of delight . His blood curdling screams shattered the night ..He struggled hard for his life, gripping one around it’s thick neck, but to no avail, they were too powerful for himviting, ripping into his body. Blood spilled everywhere spreading over the carpet. Gurgling sounds came from George’s throat as his body went limp

His wife screamed. At the horror before her. Suddenly one of the beasts stopped it's feasting, turned and looked at her intensely. It's huge whiskers flickeredred as he looked at her, eyes glaring.
"No ! "she cried and tried to flee but she stood mesmerised as the bloody snouted beast approached her. slowly,ever so slowly, then as if in slow motion it sprang forward.

There was a loud shot and the beast went flying away from her, it's huge tattered body crashing against a wall from the shotgun blast.

Another shot rang out taking out the other rat, spilling it's blood ,brains and guts all over the now blood stained carpet.
A pair of state troopers stood in the doorway.
They looked at the trembling woman crouched in the corner.
'We were in the area and heard the screams "explained one of the men to the sobbing woman.
"And it looks like we got here just in time, "said his pardner
.
He called for an ambulance on his cell phone.

The End

Ghost Story

A true encounter.

I was always skeptical about all the supernatural stuff I read about, ghosts, demons,etc, putting it all down to overwrought imaginations until that night in the living room.

My girlfriend Bridget and I were sitting in the living room having a chat by the fireplace when suddenly she stiffened and cried out :

"Michael, who is that man staring at us, I thought we were alone."

"Where?"I asked a bit surprised.

"He just walked into the bedroom , he was looking at us with a scowl on his face, I don't think he likes me very much."

"Aw, come on, Bridget " I said with a sneer,"not again, with one of your sightings."

She was always "seeing things" which I thought was funny and one of her quirks.

"No, No, Michael," she cried alarmed," he's standing right there staring at us." .

I looked but saw nothing."Yeah, right"

"Okay," I said finally, "Can you describe him ?."

She did and I was shock.to say the least

It couldn't be I thought,

Intrigued, I got up quickly and went into the bedroom . (I have to admit there *was* a heaviness in the room as I entered.) However, I took out an old family photo album from a chest of drawers and returned to the living room still skeptical..

Tears were now in her eyes.

*Damn,*I thought, *she wasn't kidding this time,* I told myself after seeing the tears.

"Don't cry, honey," I said handing her the album "Now take a look and see if you can identify the person you saw"

After flipping through the plastic pages a few times, she finally stopped and pointed to a certain photograph .

"That's him."she said firmly."He's the person I just saw."

I looked and gasped. My scalp prickled . A tingling, creepy sensation washed over me.

I couldn't believe it!.

"Are you sure?" I asked, puzzled and still in doubt.

"Yes, it's him alright,", she replied sniffing and turning away her face

I was flabbergasted to say the least, for she had seen my grandfather who had died six months ***before*** I met her.

Post Script:

I am now a firm believer in the afterlife.

The Confession

Whitechapel, London, 1888.

The Cathedral was almost empty but for a few devotees scattered aboutin the pews,

A lone figure walked in ,shuffled down the aisle ,genuflected, then entered the confessional box that read "Father O'Brian officiating"

" Bless me Father for I have sinned," The man began solemnly"It's been" the voice paused, then continued a bit hesitantly" It's been twenty years since my last confession, I accuse myself of.. ..Father, If I confess, will you call the police?"

"I cannot, son, I took a vow of confidentiality"

"l, I accuse myself of killing five women recently".

The Priest gasped , inwardly alarmed. A cold shiver running down his spine. It was the first time in his twenty five years of hearing confessions, he had ever heard such a confession, however, he

calmed himself then said "Go ahead, son, tell me , what made you do it?"he asked curiously ,trying to get a glance at the man's face which was bowed.

"It was a whore, Father, a dirty, stinking whore who laughed and mocked me ,"

"Yes?"

The voice continued,"she laughed at my prick , Father, telling me she had never seen such a tiny one on a grown man before,it was like a child's,she said, too small to ever satisfy a woman!" and he began sobbing.and then she laughed."

"Control yourself, son," urged the Priest,"and then what happened?"

"Well, are you sure you won't call the Police, Father" He aked again.

"I can assure you I won't son" replied the Priest reassuringly .

."And that's, that's when I started butchering them, Father, I

wanted to kill them all!" said the voice rising in anger "Now I can't even get an erection, Father, I am no longer a man !"he paused "then I began my search for the bitch who did this to me, "

"but there are remedies,…. said the Priest soothingly.

"I have tried them all ,Father, but nothing happens! Not a bloody thing works!"He cried bitterly.

"I can arrange…"

"No , no, Father, It's too late" the voice cut in" I am doomed as a man" He said "Doomed because of what that slut said!"

There was some shuffling on the other side of the divider.

"I must go now, Father, !"said the voice.

"Wait! "said the Priest,"I must give you absolution and some penance to do"

"I can't wait ,Father, I must leave at once !"

'Your name, son, " asked the Priest urgently, "What is your name?"

"They call me Jack the Ripper !"

Upon hearing the name, the Priest quickly rose from his seat and went around to the adjoining booth. He grabbed the penitant by the throat and began strangling him saying in an angry voice:

" One of your bloody victims was my niece!".

The penitent put up a fierce struggle but the Priest was too strong for him.There was a loud snap as his neck was broken. The body went limp and the penitent died with an expression of horror and disbelief on his face..

The End

Wolfman of Calgary

Jack Carter was bitten by a wolf in a dark forest when he was in Romania a month ago. The old man who rescued him said that as he survived, he would change into a werewolf every night of the full moon, he almost laugh in the old man's face. He didn't believe in such nonsense. *A werewolf in this Twentieth Century? hogwash!* he concluded.

At his Apartment in Calgary on a full moon night, he felt a strange burning sensation washing over his body. He felt confused . By some esoteric force, he was drawn to a window, The moonlight washed across his face. His face began to change . The burning became more intense. There was absolutely no doubt that something weird was happening. He looked on amazed at his hands. His fingers were slowly lengthening, and the nails were starting to grow into long, pointed claws. Dark gray fur sprang up all over his body, and his muscles spread. His clothes were ripped ,and fell away, as he changed shape. His arms lengthened, claws clickng on his paws. His face jutted forward, his nose and mouth melding together in a tooth filled, saliva dripping muzzle. His eyes sank back into his face, getting redder , more feral. His ears lengthen, the lobes disappeared, and pointed dog like ears sprouted. His hair vanished in the gray fur as the transformation continued.

"No ! No!" he screamed, *"It cannot be* !". A blood thirst began filling his thoughts. "Blood , I must have some blood !" he cried in a deep growl. He opened the window and climbed down a tree at the back of the yard and raced into the night on all fours. Then he saw her. A lone woman. Helpless. The thirst in him grew! .He hid in some bushes nearby. The woman stopped,suddenly feeling that she was being followed, She then turned and gasped at the huge grey wolflike creature following her. She tried to run. The creature went into a crouch then sprang towards her. She screamed in fright. He slammed into her, knocking her off balance and both fell heavily on the ground . She struggled bravely for her life, but she

was no match for the hulking werewolf. His furry arm raised and came down in an awkward arch . The crushing blow cracked her skull killing her instantly. He began licking at the warm blood that emerged from her shattered skull. Satisfied, he raised his massive head and gave a blood curdling howl to the moon.
A bum nearby heard the howling and got up. His liquor filled thoughts trying to focus. Then he saw the creature.
"Shit !"he cried. The werewolf stopped it's howling, turned and looked at him . It's burning red eyes glared at him. The bum began running, the werewolf went after him in leaps and bounds saliva drooling from his mouth. He snarled once then made a flying leap, knocking the man off his feet . the man fell forward landing heavily on the ground. The werewolf on top of him. The man began screaming. The Beast lifted it's his paws...
A bum found their mutilated bodies the next morning.
Back in his Apartment Jack Carter lay naked on the floor ,his mind confused. Blood was every where. He couldn't remember anything.

The next night .

The prostitute walked a bit unsteadily along the sidewalk. As she passed a shadowy alleyway, a hairy hand struck like a snake and wrapped around her mouth, dragging her into the darkness with such strength that she was lifted entirely off the ground. There was a loud growl. She kicked wildly but hit only air. The last thing she saw was an open mouth of long yellow fangs.
The RCMP Officer squatted next to the body and saw the blank stare of the young woman who couldn't be more than twenty-five under the heavy makeup. The eyes were wide, and her mouth gaped open in surprise, in a scream, or perhaps to beg for pity. The perpetrator had shown none. Instead he had ripped her throat out.
The seventh for the past month with the same modus operandi and the RCMP couldn't figure out. They knew that the typical serial killer either strangled or use some weapon to kill his / her victims, but this one uses neither, and it seems just brute strength and savagery.
citizens held their breath in fear .Both uniformed and plain clothes officers were every where in the Downtown area where most of the murders were

committed. The killer seems to strike at at random which made it difficult for the investigation.

It was about 12.30 am the next night. Frank Collins, a loner, boarded the Transit bus to downtown Calgary, took the LRT and got off at Dalhousie, a Calgary neighberhood. He was an unsmiling young man about twenty five, thick black hair and greenish eyes.
The next day at the Calgary Police Service Headquarters on 6 th Avenue, Chief Inspector Forster was at his desk, Telephones were ringing all over the place. His deputy, Peter Patterson, was lolling in a swivel chair opposite his chief, reading a couple sheets of paper
"Another murder in Dalousie last night, same M.O." said Patterson evenly .
The Chief Inspector sighed.
"We have got a lot of work to do, Peter, the Mayor is breathing down my back for a quick capture. We are dealing here with a vicious and clever serial killer,obviously!"
"Yeah, but this is a new slant, ripping out the victims' throats!."
"That's what bothering me, Peter, serial killers usually strangle their victims or use some sort of weapon, it seems,somehow ,as if some *animal* is at work"
"Perhaps it's a werewolf." suggested Patterson bluntly.
Forster smiled, He was in one of his rare good moods.
"A werewolf in this age, Peter? Don't make me laugh, you've been seeing to many horror movies "
" Don't laugh, James," said Patterson, picking up a sheet of paper from his desk."I've been doing some research ", he said looking at the sheet,"it says here and I quote"that if a werewolf bites you and you don't die, you're doomed to turn into a wolf on the full moon."
He paused, "if you check all of the murders.They were all commmitted on the full moon, four across the city in one night. "
Forster nodded"Yes ,that's correct, but that could be sheer coincidence."
"Too many coincidence if you ask me." He paused,"Anyway it says here,"To discover the identity of a werewolf, you wound it and search for a similar wound on a human or shoot it in it's head!"
"Where did you get that stuff ?" Forster interjected.

"On the Internet"replied Patterson."I am interested in that kind of folklore . It makes you wonder if all that info from around the world is all superstition. The odds are against it. Werewolves were reported in many countries mostly in Europe and most having the same MO, ravaging their victims, both man and beast, and tearing out their throats .The throat being the main target"
"Well, forget that nonsense,Peter,we are in the Twenty First century now,so let's do some *modern* investigation."
He got up and walked over to a map of Calgary on the wall. It displayed six coloured pins on the locations of the previous six murders.
***
The next night in Downtown Calgary, .a security guard was on his way to work when he heard a low growl coming from an alleyway. He saw something moved. He approached the entrance cautiously "Who the fuck is in there?" He shouted firmly. He took out his flashlight and switched it on.
"Jesus!"He cried backing away at the sight before him..
The light displayed a huge wolflike creature crouching on the ground. It stared fixedly at him, Their eyes met, but the man's brain only registered it's size and the yelow eyes. They held him there, spellbound, freezing him in place. The figure seems to float towards him and everything went blank!. He made a gurgling sound as his throat was being ripped out viciously.

A patrol cruiser was in the vicinity ,as the occupants, Constable Frank Smith and his pardner Joe Hendricks related in their reports later, they saw the huge ,gray creature emerging from the narrow hallway. It stopped and looked at them,raised it's massive head and gave an unearthly howl . 'Shit! Do you see what I see, Frank ?" said Joe unbelievingly.
"Yeah," Frank replied,"but,fuck, I can't believe it!. look at it's fucking size!… let's give chase, man !".
The creature saw them and raced along the side walk at an incredible speed, it's breath heaved in and out, spuming clouds of steam before it. It's great shaggy chest raised and lowered, and it's powerful shoulders surged forward.

Joe, at the wheel, increased speed and followed. The creature turned and snarled at them, then ran into an alleyway. The cops got out of the car and drawing their guns, they approached the alleyway cautiously. Their hearts beating a tattoo in their chests,.One stood on each side of the entrance. There was a low menacing growl coming from the dark. Guns drawn, they flashed their torchlights into the dark and gasped. The creature was trapped against the blank wall and stood in a crouched position facing them ,looking at them steadily ,It's yellow eyes burning into them,ears held close to it's head.,then, with a loud growl, it sprang!.
Officer Joe said",Shit!" and squeezed off three shots in quick succession. He suddenly slip and fell on the side walk. The shots caught the beast in midair and spun it around. And it fell a short distance from them.The creature snarled, saliva drooling all over him, got up quickly and tried to get away. Officer Smith emptied his service revolver into it. One of the bullets entering it's head,spilling blood, bones and brains all over the sidewalk.
A crowd of curious onlookers,attracted by the gunfire, gathered around the fallen creature, keeping a safe distance, as it began to changing slowly into a man. The crowd gasped in disbelief at it's slow transformation ,
'Shit, man ,what the fuck is going on" cried one of the onlookers staring unbelieving.
Officer Hendricks went quickly over to his fallen pardner.
"You okay ,buddy?' He asked.concerned.
"Yeah, I will live, did you get it?"He replied getting up.
"Yeah, I got it allright and it fucking changed into a man!", He added
"No shit ! You gotta be kiddin' me?"
"No , man, it was real!"
"I thought that crap only happens in the movies"
Frank went over to the crusier and radioed headquarters through his CB "
"Hi, Bruce, it's me, Frank " he said, " we've got a situation here, come quickly, We are at six Ave and Eight street,send an ambulance, I will explain later."

Shortly after, two squad cars arrived at the scene with an ambulance in tow. Police photos were taken of the body and the attendants then took it away , sirens blaring.

Fingerprints were taken and they were later traced to Frank Collins,Further investigation lead to Collin's apartment in the Huntington Park area in the North West of Calgary.
On a coffee table was a diary. Constable Peterson picked it up and flipped through the pages and was shocked at what he read October 23rd *:*

I cannot go on like this, killing innocent people because of my curse of being a werewolf. I am responsible for the six killings that took place recently here in Calgary .Earlier this year I was bitten by a werewolf while in the woods while in Romania. An old gypsy told me that since I survived I would change into a werewolf every month. I laughed in her face putting it down to superstition. But I know better now, it's true!I began feeling different, my body felt as if it was burning and a craving for meat and blood engulfed me.I wanted to kill myself after the first killing but hadn't the nerve to do so.butI can't go on living the rest of my life under this dreaded curse. I know what I have to do to end this dreaded curse and I ask forgiveness for all the suffering I have caused. But under the curse, I cannot control my self, This will be my last entry. Tonight I will go into Calgary…which I hope will be my last night..May all forgive me.
He handed the Diary over to Forster and said.
"Well, what did I tell you."he smirked," it *was* a werewolf after all."
Forster said nothing.
Later that evening at his home, Chief Inspector Forster, looked at himself in the mirror and said "Damn!,I am glad we finally caught him.. Calgary is too small for TWO werewolves" and began changing into a werewolf!

THE END (2169 words)

The Salesman

Frank was in the bar drinking away his sorrows, when the tall blond wriggled over to him and said in a soft voice

"May I join you?"she asked pleasantly.

Frank looked up at her.

She isn't a bad cookie he thought.

"Sure, why not, what are you having?"she replied.

The blond sat down next to him and said in a syrupy voice

"A Gin and Tonic,Charley."

The barman smiled and filled the order.

"My name is Ella"she cooed softly

"Mine's Frank."

"Nice to meet you Frank."she replied softly .

"New around here, aren't you,Frank " She asked, sipping the cool drink slowly.

'Yeah, I am a salesman. Been in town about a couple of days now".

“Oh I see,”replied the blond,”no wonder I’ve never seen you here before”.

“I ‘ve been pretty busy.and I am running out of supplies”.

“Yes? what’s your line?”

“I work for a Hospital”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I supply syringes for my company”

The blond shuddered .

“Oooooo! I hate needles.”she said.

Frank smiled,’Well ,It’s a living.”

“I guess.”she conceded..and ordered another drink.

Frank smiled.

Later at a nearby motel they found themselves in bed.

During their lovemaking ,the blond suddenly felt a sharp piercing in her neck.

She stiffened , “Owww that hurts!” she cried painfully ,then

Frank raised his head and looked at

her,with red eyes blazing.

She then saw the blood tipped fangs and gasped. Y-You are a-a-a-a vaa" She tried to scream ,but her scream was cut off abruptly when Frank placed a hand over her mouth and said in a smooth voice .

"Yes, love, I also supply instant immortality,"and bit deeply into her throat once again..

The End

A Note to the Reader.:

If you enjoyed these stories then you might want to read the companion volume "**The Whitechapel Horror and other Stories"**

www.lulu.com/content/423691

'The Assassin and Other Stories."

www.lulu.com/content/512159

Thank you and tell your friends.

Michael Kersting